

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 14. [NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 8, 1825.

VOL. II.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

### THE POWER OF ADVERSITY.

BEFORE the hand of republican power had levelled all distinction in France, and sunk the proudest families to the humiliating condition of the meanest peasant, in the gay neighbourhood of Versailles the Marquis d'Embleville owned a sumptuous hotel, where he lived in epicurean luxury and princely splendour. His mind possessed all the imperious vanity of the ancient *régime*; and placed by fortune at an awful distance, he looked down upon the *canaille* as unworthy to hold with him in a rank in the same scale of being. His only son, Lewis, in the prime of youth, had made the tour of Switzerland: he had visited every part of those wondrous regions, where nature reigns in all her grandeur, and displays to the enthusiastic mind that sublime and majestic scenery, which attracts and gratifies the most unbounded curiosity. So remote from the haunts of courtly pleasure—so distant from the giddy circle of high life—he felt the impression of that tender passion beneath whose controlling power mortals of all degrees are indiscriminately doomed to bow.

The object of his admiration was a lovely Swiss, fresh from the hand of nature, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, like the mother of mankind, in the state of primeval innocence; honesty, was the only wealth her friends possessed:—her charms and virtues were her only portion. With this lovely maid, Lewis had sought and cultivated an acquaintance. He weighed her mental graces against the frippery of Parisian belles, and with pleasure saw them greatly preponderate. She felt the congenial passion, but from disparity of circumstances, suppressed the kindling hope. The shaft was fixed too deep in his bosom, to be eradicated without lacerating his vitals. Although despairing of success, he returned to his father, and on his knee besought him to con-

firm his happiness by an assent to this unequal union.

Degrading information! Should the honorary tide of princely blood, long flowing down the channel of an illustrious ancestry, be contaminated by mingling with plebeian streams? No! He spurned him from his feet, and, with a niggard hand, reluctantly conferring a scanty annuity, bade him retire again to ignominious exile, and see his face no more. He was too well acquainted with the inflexibility of his father's temper, when once arrived at a certain point; he knew that the moment of expostulation was for ever past. He was forbidden to return to seek a pardon, even by the narrow path of duty: he therefore felt himself not unhappy that, without a direct breach of parental obligation, he could by the trivial sacrifice of his fortune obtain the object of his desires. He bade adieu to the scenes of departed affluence, and flew to repose himself on the faithful bosom of domestic affection. The inhabitants of the happy valley celebrated their nuptials with the usual ceremonies, and Lewis soon forgot that he was born to higher expectations.

The storm which had long been gathering over devoted France, at length descended, involving in one general ruin all the pride of prerogative, title, and family. The sanguinary streams that flowed from the throne, swollen by a thousand rills, had deluged the nation, and the horrid engine of death (the guillotine) still frowned tremendously over its innumerable victims. Not with less terror than the trembling traveler, when he sees the accumulating *avalanche* thundering from Alpine precipices in its progress tearing up towering pines, and crushing into atoms the obstructing cottages, the Marquis d'Embleville beheld the approaching desolation. His lady died of a broken heart, to observe the splendour of her family eclipsed; and rescuing a comparative trifle from the wreck of affluence, he hastily left his proscribed country in disguise, and fled towards the regions of ancient Helvetic liberty; where, after long and weary wandering among those eternal mountains, which form the barrier of nations—whose heads, crowned with snows

old as the creation, view the turgid clouds rolling round their base amid the wildest scenes of nature, he experienced the bitter tangs of reflection, without a beam of distant hope to cheer him in his exile. In order to divert the cares that wrung his bosom, he had visited the stupendous cataract of the Rhine, he had marked the wanderings of the Emmen and the Reuss, and arrived at length at a charmingly romantic valley in the neighbourhood of Lugano. The evening sun shot his yellow rays over orange and citron groves which clothed the sides of the far stretched mountains, when he reached a neat little cottage, seated on a gentle declivity, which terminated in the tranquil waters of an extensive lake, over which gentle zephyrs wafted the softened notes of rustic joy—the villagers were returning from the labours of the day; and here and there appeared in distant groups winding down the avenue of vine-clad hills. At the cottage door he was met by two buxom little girls, on whose cheeks bloomed the roses of health, and their dress was such as served not to decorate, but display the fine symmetry of their figures. They made a low and graceful curtsy, and then ran in to announce the approach of a stranger.

The charming mother came out, and modestly welcomed him to her cottage, where she set before him the best her simple larder afforded, together with the choicest fruits the children could procure. He took the infants on his knee, and encouraged their artless prattle by familiar questions and endearments; and from them he learnt that papa was gone to take a long walk on the mountains, on which account they were unable to accompany him as usual. Their pleasures, their pastimes, and their mode of education, became the general topics of conversation; and the Marquis discovered in this little group more natural ability and good sense, than he had frequently found in the most polished circles. The mother was an intelligent, liberal-minded woman, and delivered her sentiments with the most agreeable and unaffected simplicity—her whole deportment and conduct evinced the most secret attachment to the maternal and conjugal duties, and she spoke with enthusiasm of the enjoyments of retirement and domestic life. The mind of the Marquis was much affected, and it was with apparent difficulty he could conceal the various emotions which struggled in his bosom.

The little mountaineers, who had been on the "tip-toe of expectation" for the arrival of their father, now recognised his footsteps as he approached the door; and running out to welcome him, hung around his knees, and danced with excess of rapture, while he distributed between them some flowers and other natural curiosities indigenous to the

soil, which he had picked up in his way. A sudden pleasure seemed to radiate the lovely countenance of the mother, as she introduced her consort to her guest. Had a clap of thunder that moment torn from the summit of the neighbouring mountain the eternal rock, which then cast a length of shade across the lake, and hurled it into the vale below, a greater degree of astonishment could not have been depicted on the faces of both at this unexpected rencontre.

A momentary silence prevailed, conscious remorse touched the heart of the Marquis at the appearance of a son whom he had so deeply injured, while Lewis stood awed beneath the heretofore authoritative eye of a disobliterated parent. The roses fled the cheek of the amiable Maria, while the husband on his knees implored the forgiveness of that father of whose displeasure she had formerly heard with so much emotion, and who, she now fully expected, was come to destroy her happiness for ever. He perceived their agitation; adversity had softened his heart, and all the father returned; for a while he could not speak; but took their hands and joined them together, lifted his eyes to heaven as if in the act of imploring blessings on them both. He then snatched the wondering infants to his bosom, and shed over them involuntary tears.

The first tumult this interview had occasioned subsiding, a calmer but more solemn scene ensued. The death of Lady Embleville, and the family misfortunes, engaged all their attention; and while they listened to the "tale of woe," they mutually paid the tribute due to human calamity. The Marquis having now experienced the vicissitudes and fallacy of fortune, acknowledged the superior prudence of his son in making so judicious a choice, and blessed the power that so mysteriously disposed him to provide this calm retreat and those domestic comforts, amidst which he resolved to spend the evening of his days.

#### THE IMPRUDENT HUSBAND.

Johanna Baptista Veru, daughter of the duke of Luynes, and the much-loved wife of the Count de Veru, was a woman of extraordinary beauty, intellect, and accomplishments, but an unfaithful wife; to this defect in duty, her husband undesignedly contributed. Not content with possessing such excellence, joined to a love of retirement and domestic life, the thoughtless and imprudent count was perpetually speaking of her charms to his royal master, Victor Amadeus, king of Sardinia and duke of Savoy; a sovereign who, with many good qualities, was alternately a prey to female art, capricious infatuation, and unavailing repentance. Hearing so much of the countess de Veru, and her husband frequently



boasting how much she excelled all the ladies he saw, the king asked why he did not bring her to Turin. As if impatient of the happiness he enjoyed, and in an unlucky moment, he introduced her at court, and she became a favourite with the queen, who little suspected she was encouraging a rival in the affections of her husband.

Amadeus soon became passionately fond of her. Princes and kings, it has been said, make rapid strides in love: the countess, fascinated by royal attentions, irritated by some real or imaginary neglect on the part of her husband, forgot her duty, and forfeited her reputation. A separate establishment, guards, and other accompaniments of royalty, soon proclaimed to the indignant public her splendid infamy. The injured queen was for a long time unacquainted with their amours, till, with the design of shewing the height of his regard for the fair favourite, and in that fatality which often accompanies guilt, Victor actually invited his royal consort to a public entertainment, given in honour of the birth of a child he had by the countess. It was not till the company sat down to table, that the eyes of the unhappy wife were open to the cruel and unfeeling conduct of her husband. The guilty countess was adorned with some of the most valuable of the jewels which had been presented to the queen on her marriage. Naturally provoked at such treatment, after reproaching them for thus adding insult to injury, the queen immediately left the room.

For the honour of the count it ought to be recorded, that the moment he perceived the consequences of his folly approaching, he could not reconcile it to himself to remain a silent and contented spectator of domestic dishonour; he repented a thousand times, as we all do, of our indiscretions—when it is too late. Having demanded an audience of the king, which, as guilt is always a coward, was denied, in a short interview with his infatuated wife, he pointed out the ingratitude and baseness of her conduct; spoke of the frail texture of royal attachments and unlawful love; and professed himself ready to forgive what had passed, if she would directly separate from her seducer, and with her husband—that husband whom she once professed to love—quit Turin for ever. Their conversation was interrupted by a message from the king, who probably dreaded the result of so trying a struggle; but the lady shewing no symptom of returning duty, the count left her in agonies; and after indignantly rejecting a pension of two hundred thousand livres, settled on him by the king, the count quitted Turin, and repaired to Paris.

In the blandishments of unhallowed pleasure, and forgetful of her nuptial vows, three

years passed quickly away. At length, perceiving a diminution of royal favour, stimulated by compunction, and a return of suppressed affection for her absent husband, and probably disgusted, as every sensible and delicate woman must be, with her degraded condition, which, excepting the thin veil of splendour, differed in no essential from the obscene situation of a prostitute, the countess determined to leave the king. Taking advantage of his absence on a journey to Chamberri, and assisted by her brother, who resided at Paris, with whom she had corresponded on the subject, relays of post-horses were provided at short distances; she departed from Turin, and was half way to Paris before Amadeus was apprised of her departure. The jewels of the queen, with a letter for the king, were found on her toilette. She apologized for her conduct, imputing it to the anguish of repentance for her sinful life; she expressed the warmest sense of his kindness and attentions, and concluded with earnestly entreating his majesty to be reconciled to the queen, as it would add considerably to her peace of mind to hear that she was no longer the occasion of separating him from so excellent a woman. Victor, chagrined at her abrupt departure, and apparent want of tenderness, bitterly cursed the whole sex; but, impelled rather by necessity than inclination, reluctantly followed her advice.

The countess, unhappy, although considerably enriched, and still feeling the impressions of her first love, that love which, however faithless or unworthy the object of it or we ourselves may prove, we never recollect without regret—in the hope of being able to compensate for her failure by future good conduct, and probably wishing to emerge from the infamy of her condition, planned a reconciliation with her husband. This purpose she wished to accomplish without subjecting herself to the mortification of a notorious refusal; and an opportunity soon offered of putting her scheme in execution, in the desired mode.

A public entertainment and grand masquerade being announced to be given by a prince of the blood, a few louis d'ors to his valet enabled the lady to find out that the count de Varu was to be present, and the dress he was to wear. While the countess was making these inquiries, she could not help detaining the servant, an old and faithful domestic of the family, to ask him a few questions concerning his master; the life he led, and the company he kept. The feelings of the lady may be guessed at, when the valet informed her that his master enjoyed neither health nor spirits since he left Turin; that his sister, alarmed at the state of her brother's health, had insisted on his consulting a physician, who described the dis-

ease as an affection of the mind, entirely out of the reach of medicine, and recommended company and dissipation. On this principle the unhappy man had been prevailed on to promise his sister that he would accompany her to the masquerade. The valet added, that the count saw little company, but spent the greatest part of his time in his own room; and that his chief attention seemed occupied by a picture, on which he fixed his melancholy eyes for hours together. 'A picture?' replied the countess, with augmented emotion—'a picture! and of whom?'—'Of yourself, madam,' said the valet, and immediately left the room. The lady, as if a dagger had pierced her vitals, instantly sunk on the floor, in the agonies of bitter repentance.

While she had been passing her unhal- lowed hours in chambering and wantonness, her deserted husband, the object of her ear- liest love, and for whom, even in the mo- ments of infidelity, she was not able wholly to suppress her affection—her deserted hus- band had been solitary, disconsolate, and unhappy, still doating on the unfaithful blas- ter of all his joys. Such reflections stimu- lated the countess to pursue her purpose with augmented eagerness: she prepared for the masquerade, and resolved to appear in the character of Diana. The day which was to decide her fate at length arrived; and as midnight approached, being con- veyed to the festive spot, she was literally what she appeared to be, the goddess of the night. Her splendid and expensive dress, ornamented with jewels, which were not within the reach of common finances, and her superior air and deportment, engaged general notice and admiration.

It was some time before the count appear- ed: when at last he entered the room, sup- ported by his sister, his debilitated appear- ance and slow pace soon caught her eye—he was the ghost of departed joy. Having seated himself near the countess, she soon contrived to enter into conversation with him, in that kind of audible whisper which on such occasions is the general vehicle of folly or of crime. Her feelings would not enable her to exhibit external gaiety while discontent sat heavy at her heart. Affect- ing or actually experiencing indisposition, and hinting a wish to retire, she mentioned with regret that her carriage was sent home, with orders not to return till a late hour. The count, interested in the fate of the fair stranger, offered to attend her home in his own coach, which he had ordered to wait; designing to make only a short stay: with apparent reluctance, but inward satis- faction, she accepted his offer, and they were driven to a house, in magnificence nearly approaching to a palace, in the fau- bourg St. Germain.

The count, though ill able, insisted on handing the lady from his coach; as she descended, the mask, by accident or design, dropped from her face, and discovered that countenance he had so often gazed on with tenderness and rapture, drowned in tears. He paused for a moment, distracted by love which was still ardent, and resentments pro- portionably keen; the latter predominated; and in the anguish of a husband irreparably injured, he turned from the woman he once adored, without speaking a word. The miserable countess, sinking under the hor- rors of her situation, was conveyed to her apartment; and the count, notwithstanding his ill health, soon after joined a regiment on actual service, and met with that death he had so long and ardently desired.

---

### THE GLEANER.

---

So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too

---

**COMPARATIVE PRUDENCE.**—An old gen- tleman, who was paying his addresses to a young lady, one day said to her, 'From our approaching union, my dear, I prognosticate unbounded happiness; your age and my prudence will be approved of by all the world.' 'That may be, sir, (replied the lady); but what will all the world say to *your* age and *my* prudence?'

An old actress, very proud of her charms, used to have the play-house call brought in- to her bed-room every morning. One day a man came in, who she thought was the call-boy. "Lay it down," says she, "Led- ger." "What do you mean by Ledger?" says the man; "I *die* for you." "Lord bless me! who can this be?" said the ac- tress—"I die for you!—Dear me, there is somebody in love with me; let me see who it is." She pulled the curtain aside, and seeing a shabby fellow, demanded what busi- ness the impudent rascal had there? "I dye your clothes, Ma'am," said he, "and am come for your *bombazine petticoat*."

An English lady of high fashion, at Bou- logne, lately separated from her husband, has *changed* her religion, being resolved, as she says, to avoid his company in this world and the next!

**Memory.**—Mr. Von Nieublin, the cele- brated German scholar, was once a clerk in the bank of Copenhagen: in that capaci- ty he gave proof of the miraculous power of his memory, by restoring, from recollec- tion alone, the whole contents of a leaf in the bank ledger, which had been lost by fraud or accident.



## THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

### THE TRIBES OF CAUCASUS.

It is almost impossible to ascertain with accuracy the height of the Caucasus mountains; their tops being for the most part hidden in the clouds; while the torrents, precipices, and *avalanches*, render them frequently inaccessible. The principal mountains contain everlasting *glaciers*; and, in other places, their granite crags stand quite bare. Some of the hills have, as one may say, several stories; the basements being clothed with forests, the centre destitute of all vegetation, and their summits generally covered with ice or snow. According to some estimates, it is said that these mountains are inhabited by nearly a million of men fit to bear arms; making an immense population, when you superadd the aged, the women, and children. These people form many tribes, speaking divers languages, and their manners are distinct; but their general character is bravery, a spirit of independence, a passion for arms, and a thirst for plunder; indeed, in that respect they are mere savages. The necessity of being constantly on their guard has confirmed their natural inclination for warfare; they attack with fury, and take the cruellest revenge. They are naturally indolent; plundering is their favourite pursuit, and often their only resource for subsistence. So vindictive is the Caucasus' highlander, that if prevented in gratifying his revenge while alive, he will bequeath it to his children. Easily seduced by hope of gain, he follows his chief at the first call, and will with him brave every danger; but, as soon as he perceives there is no chance of advantage, he is as prompt to desert, as he had been before to join his leader. Ever roving about and holding his life by a tenure so uncertain, he is unacquainted with and cannot therefore appreciate the happiness of domestic repose. Independent in heart as in mind, even love fails in uniting him to his wife and children: he looks on them as his flocks, to be mere property; shewing himself a stranger, not to law only and religion, but seeming to disown even the dictates of nature. So, when old age obliges him to lay aside his arms, the eldest son replaces his father.

The Tchetchinzi are masters in the art of robbery; in the pursuit of which they shew no pity, even to their own countrymen. If a Tchetchinitz get the better of another in single combat, the victor will strip and put him to death; but if one of these people seize an European, he will plunder his pri-

soner, yet preserve his life in hope of ransom. Notwithstanding such a continual system of pillage, the very profession of a Tchetchinitz, his dwelling is a mere den, destitute of every convenience; his bed, a skin placed by the hearth; his food, coarse bread, half baked, which he eats in a smoking state, with half roasted meat: these, with ardent spirits, of which they are particularly fond, are their luxuries. As long as the pilfered provisions last, the wretch remains idle, and want alone drives him to active exertion in search of more. The Tchetchinzi do not take much trouble about agriculture; they cultivate only a little barley and wheat, with some tobacco and onions. The women perform all the domestic offices, while the men give themselves no care but in the chase and robbery. They are of a middling height and very hardy. When influenced by fear or mistrust they can be obliging, and are particularly so to the rich or to strangers, in hope of some profit. Their arms consist of a fusil, a sabre, and a dagger; sometimes also they carry a lance with a shield. The Tchetchintz never goes out of his house without being armed, if only with a stick, at the end of which is fixed a ball of iron having three triangular points; this murderous weapon they call a *toppus*.

The Ossitinians differ little from the Tchetchintz; they use bows and arrows, although their usual arm is a fusil. They are great boasters and quarrellers, threatening each other continually, either with a gun, a dagger, or the bow: usually, however, they content themselves by making a great uproar, and are quickly friends again, if any third person will celebrate the reconciliation with a glass of brandy, or a draught of their country beer, which is very strong. Their houses are, for the most part, enclosed by a wall or paling, surmounted with horses' heads and other bones. On the death of an Ossitinian, his widow shrieks, tears her hair and face, and beats her bosom; but frequently this despair is only occasioned by the impossibility of her ever marrying again: she pretends at every moment to be ready to kill herself with a knife or a stone, to drown herself, or to cast herself from the top of some rock; but is as invariably withheld by her neighbours, who never leave her during the three days of mourning. These friends employ the next three days in administering consolation to the widow, and in eating and drinking at her expense; while the conversation consists in praises of the deceased, who is usually soon after forgotten.

The ruins of churches built by the princess Tamar, which were forsaken on the introduction of Mahometanism, are also seen on the heights in the Ossitinian country.

This tribe have a no less vindictive spirit than the other natives of Caucasus; the effects of their cruel disposition may be stayed by dint of presents, but one is continually threatened. He who is eager to be revenged, watches for the moment when, in the company of his destined victim, he may plunge a dagger in the heart of his enemy; but the man thus devoted to destruction is ever on his guard; these two will, however, associate to all appearance amicably. Twenty years often elapse before revenge can be satisfied; and should he, who has been doomed to fall by the hand of an insulted man, chance to die, the vengeance is transferred to the son or nearest relation of the offended. The following is a striking example of this bloodthirsty passion:—One Ossitinian killed another, whose eldest son killed the murderer of his father; having thus gratified his revenge, the latter murderer took into his house the son of his recent victim. The child, then five years old, was educated as his own; but, being grown up to manhood, this young person stifled every feeling of gratitude, that he might think only of revenge, let what would be the consequence.

The Ossitians exact, even at this day, a certain tribute from merchants travelling through their country; and woe be to him who dares advance many yards without a guard, into this dangerous labyrinth. Instances are numerous, of unlucky individuals, who have been killed or taken prisoners, on venturing a little beyond their escort. The Ossitinian robber may be likened to a vulture, that, pouncing unexpectedly on its prey, carries it off in its talons; for this active barbarian rushes from his covert, throws a cord round the neck of his victim, and then drags him away dead or alive. Some, however, of the Ossitians live by their flocks, which consist chiefly of sheep; they cultivate rice also, and a little corn. Their mills, of which I have seen some near the Terek, are like small cages, inconvenient and badly constructed. They excel principally in the manufacture of arms; they make gunpowder also. The sabre, musquet, and harness of an Ossitinian descend, as an hereditary possession, from father to son. Many among them are clad in coats of mail, by means of which they believe themselves invincible: their horses climb and descend the hills with wonderful activity, and contribute to render the riders very expert in their hunting of men. Although our troops defy these mountaineers, no one ever goes out of the redoubt without a guard, not even to draw water; and scarcely a week passes without some blood being spilt. If any man venture a little way from the fort, he provides himself with a great bell, in order to sound the alarm in case of danger.

## THE DRAMA.

---

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS.

---

### NEW-YORK THEATRE.

*Pantomime.*—A new pantomime has been brought forward, but with very doubtful prospect of success. To succeed in this branch of acting is extremely difficult; and any thing but perfect success is fatal to its effect. In the pantomime it is necessary that every actor should have the high powers of countenance which speak without a voice; passions and emotions must be portrayed on the features, so that the eye can read them distinctly, or else the spectacle is altogether unintelligible. It is not enough that the actor jumps about, thumps his head, beats his breast, claps his hands, and gnashes his teeth; all this is well enough in its place; but it is not sufficient to exhibit passion in perfection, or to tell a story intelligibly. It is further necessary that the audience should be, emphatically, *physiognomists*, capable of catching meaning and intention from a glance, of reading a threat in the flashing of an eye, and a supplication in the motion of the lips.

In the pantomime of "Obi, or Three fingered Jack," there was much that the spectators "seemed wondering what the d——I it could mean;" several mistakes were made; they laughed where they should have been grave, and were grave where they should have laughed; they mistook a religious consecration for a flogging, and the parting and sorrowful embrace of two negroes going on a dangerous expedition, for a hug of transport. Now nothing makes a man feel more foolish than such mistakes; and when he is undeceived, he is apt to get out of temper with himself, and consequently with all the world. The excessive good nature of our audience is, to be sure, almost proverbial; but mortify its vanity, and beware of breakers. It cannot comprehend pantomime; and what it cannot comprehend, it will not endure.

The direction of Obi and its stage management, were correct and proper; but the difficulty consists in the inability of any company to express that part of the pantomime which belongs to the countenance. We un-



derstand that *Mr. Jervis*, who lately arrived, is an experienced hand in getting up melo-dramas; an occasional introduction of these, for variety, will give much more general satisfaction than the mimic show.

The strength of the company at large has been tested this season by several new and highly entertaining comedies. "*King Charles the Second*," and "*Sweethearts and Wives*," will be standing favourites. *Billy Lackaday* would appear to have been written expressly for *Hilson*. His conception of its peculiarities and his execution, particularly the song in the second act, are admirable. *Miss Kelly's* "*Eugenia*" in "*Sweethearts, &c.*" altho' it has not afforded full scope for her powers, is all that it should be, and is rendered doubly attractive by one of her sweetest songs. With respect to *Miss Kelly's* singing, we beg leave to protest against the practice of obliging her to repeat her songs, by cries of *encore*. Not that we are less delighted with them than others, for we could listen to her rich voice for ever, but it is in reality a hardship for her. The execution of one of her songs is necessarily fatiguing; and after she has finished, while the melody is yet thrilling upon our ear, it is certainly selfish to insist on an immediate repetition. The practice is an assumption on the part of the audience to which they have no right. It would be quite as proper to *encore* the noble bursts of tragic passion in *Cooper*, *Conway*, or *Booth*; the droll and quizzical convolutions of *Barnes'* face; and the wit of *Watkinson*, *Hilson*, or *Placide*; yet to such a right no pretensions are made. Then why insist upon these *extra* exertions on the part of *Miss Kelly*? It is true that when thus called for, she always comes forward with a grace and good will that do her honour; yet for this very reason there ought to be a corresponding liberality which would spare her the fatigue attendant on her compliance.

There is another practice of the spectators which demands correction. If any slight mistake occur in the shifting of scenes, the ears are saluted by a *critical* sibillation, which continues sometimes after the dialogue has commenced, confusing the actors, and annoying those who wish to listen to their words. The peculiar sound produced by projecting the tongue between the masticatos, may have a very good effect upon

an actor if he be guilty of any impropriety, but the scenery appears to bear it with much *nonchalance*. It is doubtless highly improper in a forest to come forward in a drawing room, in a mantle-piece and chimney to station themselves in the sea, and in a ship to pass full sail alongside of a stove pipe and supper table; but all the hisses poured forth on such occasions do not appear to shake a leaf of the forest or a sail of the ship. The truth is, there is generally a great deal of order, regularity, and promptitude, in the management of the scenes; and so far from hissing an occasional mistake, we should make it a subject of approbation that mistakes are so few.

We are rejoiced to find our favourite *Watkinson* coming forward once more; we long to see him again in "*Sir George Thunder*," "*Toby Allspice*," and "*Baron Piffleberg*."

*Miss Johnson* has recovered from her indisposition, which has been severe; and most cordially we welcome the return of this sprightly, active, and intelligent actress.

Our stage has now a superior comic company, far better than it has had for many years, and equal to sustain any comedy extant. The managers are bringing out some excellent new comedies, and reviving many of the fine standard pieces of old. The theatre is once more the resort of taste, talent, and fashion.

We have strung these remarks together carelessly, and have no time to arrange them. More anon. B.

---

## BIOGRAPHY.

---

The proper study of mankind is man.

---

### MEMOIRS OF JOHN GALT, ESQ.

THE subject of this brief memoir was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, where he was classically educated. Having subsequently spent some years at his home at Greenock, he visited London in the year 1804. We next find him engaged in his travels in Greece, where he formed a close intimacy with the late lamented Lord Byron, and continued on terms of friendship and correspondence with him up to the period of his Lordship's departure from Italy to Greece. His '*Life of Cardinal Wolsey*,' although not first published, was his earliest literary attempt. This juvenile production, for so it may be considered, held out every promise of future excellence. Although not compiled from original materials, and treat-

ing a subject familiar to the readers of English history, still the reflections with which it is interspersed, and which bear the peculiar stamp and impress of the genius of the writer, bestow on it a strong air of originality. In its composition he adopted the nervous style of Sallust, keeping Tacitus in view. Throughout it displays much learning, ingenuity, and depth of research.

His 'Voyages and Travels in the Mediterranean,' are replete with general and commercial information. This quarto volume was followed by a lighter production, entitled 'Letters from the Levant,' in which the scenes he describes, more especially that of the Turkish barber's shop at Scio, are depicted with such a truth of colouring, that the reader fancies himself to be an eyewitness of what is passing.

His 'Life of Benjamin West' is to be considered as the eulogy of an old and particular friend, to whom the writer was much attached: it need not be added that the friendship was reciprocal. The first part of this work is one of the most curious pieces of biography extant; and the whole is written in the author's best manner.

To proceed to the novels which have bestowed on him so high a celebrity, and in which the versatility of his fertile genius is so amply displayed:—His 'Ayrshire Legatees,' is a felicitous attempt to exhibit the feelings and peculiarities of a Scottish family on their first visit to London. The sale of 'Blackwood's Magazine' was increased very considerably by this work. In the 'Annals of the Parish,' which may be appropriately styled the 'Piteous Chronicle,' we have a view of the progress of Society in Scotland during the late reign. Whether with reference to the supposed character of the writer, an aged clergyman, or to the incidents it describes, this work is certainly unique.

To the above, the 'Provost' is a companion. A worthy chief magistrate enters into all the details of his administration of borough politics. Like the 'Annals of the Parish,' it is curious on account of the dramatic sustentation of character. It is difficult to conceive that these two works are fictitious. It has been rumoured among the author's friends, that he intends to follow them up by another of the same kind—a description of the conduct of a member of Parliament during the late reign. If executed as happily as the others, it will be a lasting addition to the history of the country.

His 'Ringan Gilhaize' is a tribute to the popular spirit of Scotland, and to the worthies who formed the present national character of the Scots. It was prompted by the impression produced by 'Old Mortality,' which, however excellent as a lite-

rary production, is, as an historical representation, at variance alike with fact and the truth of character. 'Old Mortality' excited a general spirit of hostility to its principles in Scotland; and what is a truly remarkable circumstance, led to a general restoration, throughout the country, of the tombs of the Martyrs—such being the designation given to the tombs of those who suffered by public execution during the reigns of Charles II., when the spirit of persecution for religion's sake was at its height. Wodrow, the Scottish ecclesiastical historian, mentions no less than three or four Ayrshire individuals of the name of Galt, who were persecuted, and punished by fine and banishment, on account of their adherence to Presbyterianism.

Of our author's other productions, 'The Spae Wife,' &c., as they are in every one's hand, it would be superfluous to say any thing further than that they exhibit throughout his peculiar felicity in portraying the varieties of Scottish character. Several of his poetic *morceaux*, which have been much admired, are interspersed in his different publications; and at one time his taste for music led him to the composition of a variety of airs, which became popular, to the extent of being played on the street organs.

In adverting to his industry in his literary pursuits, and the energy with which he follows them up, it will suffice to say, that he has been known to be engaged at the same time in three productions of an entirely dissimilar nature; thus evincing a rare versatility of talent. It only remains to be added, that he is exemplary in his domestic relations, warm and steady in his friendships, and, in his disposition, mild and courteous.

---

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

---

—Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

---

### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

---

FRENCH INSTITUTE. 11th and 18th October.—Amongst the works offered to the Academy, was one by M. Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire, on the Calculi found in the auditive cells of fishes; and a memoir of M. Audouin, on the Generation of Insects.

M. Jomard read several letters written on the banks of the Gambia, in Africa, between the month of January and the end of July last, by M. Beaufort, officer of marine. M. B. found, to his great surprise, that the Gambia flows in a horizontal soil upwards of 120 miles from the mouth, as the two tides are felt there. Contrary to another opinion, equally accredited, he discov-



ered scarcely any venemous plants in the country he visited; he did not meet with either moss or heaths, but a great many culinary and medical plants, particularly of the mallow species, and an abundance of fig trees. He also found the butter tree in the vicinity of the Gambia.

M. Fourrier read a memoir on the benefits of Inoculation and the Vaccine, in Prussia, during the last forty years. At the commencement of this period, the small-pox destroyed ten thousand children in one hundred thousand, while at present the mortality on the same number is only three hundred and thirty-three.

M. Gaimar read a very highly curious and interesting memoir on the Phosphorescence of the Sea, and the Animalcula that produced it.

Dr. Lassis read a memoir to prove the *non-existence* of the yellow fever, which, if it existed, said the Doctor, would have destroyed the whole world. His memoir was referred to a commission.

**GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.**—A cavern has been lately discovered on the Mendip Hills, near Banwell in England, 120 feet below the surface of the earth. The soil which covers its floor is replete with the bones of quadrupeds; the remains which have as yet been found, consist principally of the ox and the deer, but some imperfect canine teeth, apparently of the hyæna, have also been discovered.

The workmen employed in forming the tunnel under the road at Kemp Town, near Brighton, lately discovered numerous teeth and bones, which being examined, were ascertained to belong to the horse and elephant.

Mr. Mantell has discovered in the iron-sandstone of Sussex county, the teeth of an herbivorous reptile of a gigantic magnitude. It approaches nearer to the Iguana of Barbadoes, than to any other recent lizard, and it is proposed to distinguish it by the name of *Iguano-saurus*.

Mr. M. has part of a thigh-bone, which there is every reason to conclude is referable to this animal; its size is so great, that on a moderate computation, the individual to which it belonged must have equalled the elephant in height, and been upwards of 60 feet long!

At Inowracław, in Poland, on the 13th Octr. as some workmen were digging up clay, after penetrating a bed six feet thick, which to all appearance had never been disturbed, they came to loose sea sand, on which lay, in several small groups, between thirty and forty toads, which at first seemed to be dead, but were soon animated by the warmth of the rays of the sun. In consequence of inspiring the atmospheric air,

they died in about two hours, except a few which were put into the ground, where they were living two days from the date of their discovery.

Count de Laizar, President of the Geological Academy of Auvergne, lately discovered in the tuffa, (composed entirely of pumice stone, and various trachites) between the two rivers of Coreze, from Champain to near Issoire, the following specimens now in his possession:—1st, Bones of very large animals completely petrified and transformed into carbonate of lime, without having lost their form or texture. 2nd, A piece of horn, an antler of a stag's horn, transformed into agate. 3d, Out of a layer of pumice sand, under the tuffa, some teeth, the jaw bone, and two horns belonging to two species of stag, now lost. 4th, A skull with the two horns, belonging to a large stag, or elk, likewise a variety which no longer exists. And 5th, a grinder of a mastodon, or mammoth, found a little lower in the testaceous limestone, between the volcanic tuffa and the primitive soil.

**REMAINS AT POMPEII.**—M. Choulant has lately published, at Leipsic, in a pamphlet, an account of different objects relating to the medical art discovered at Pompeii. He successively describes the Temple of Esculapius, the amulets, surgical instruments, pharmaceutical apparatus, &c., discovered in the midst of the ruins. Amongst the surgical instruments were found some nearly resembling those made use of at the present day; as, for instance, elevators for the operation of trepanning, lancets, spatulæ, instruments for the application of the actual cautery, &c.

Signor Luigi Marini has discovered the external circular part of the theatre of Pompey. It corresponds with the many fine remains of the same theatre which are still seen in the vaults of the palace *Pio*. Besides fragments of columns, &c., a female statue was found, nine or ten palms in height, wanting the head and arms, and the drapery much damaged, but in a good style.

Among the curiosities taken, some years since, out of Herculaneum, there was one that much exercised the talents of the virtuosi. It was a neat chariot of ivory, in which was placed a parroquet: this machine was drawn by a grasshopper, the reins passing from the mouth of the latter to the bill of the parroquet. Many thought it only a *jou d'esprit*, or whim of the artist; others considered it as an emblem of a frivolous age; but the more scientific critics regarded it as a satire, and suggested, that the parroquet represented Agrippina, the mother of Nero, and the grasshopper the famous Locusta, who was employed to poison Claudius.

A Greek medal of Lord Byron, which presents an authentic and highly-finished portrait of the illustrious poet, has been struck in London, on the principle of the Syracusan medals of antiquity, by Mr. A. J. Stothard.

Professor Gazzeri presented recently to the Society of the Georfilii of Florence, a branch of the *cotyledon coccinea* in full vegetation, although it had been detached from the plant sixteen months, and had remained by chance during the whole of this period wrapped up in paper, and placed in a dark place that was very dry.

Mr. Temminck, Director of the Dutch Museum, has, for many years, made use of no other means of saving preserved birds and quadrupeds from the attacks of minute insects, than placing a small wooden basin, containing tallow, in each case, which he finds to be more effectual than either camphor or Russia leather.

In the last volume of the Royal Society of Sciences at Copenhagen, is a paper founded on the researches of some travellers who had recently visited Greenland, which corrects an error hitherto entertained by several learned natural philosophers, namely, that Greenland possesses only twenty-four kinds of plants perfectly organized. It is now well established, that there are above two hundred kinds of plants in that country.

Giovana Brocchi, the celebrated Italian natural philosopher, writes from Balbec, that since his return from Nubia he has established himself in that town to direct the operations of a coal mine, which has been discovered near Mount Lebanon. M. Brocchi's herbal is very rich in rare plants; and his mineralogical, or rather his geological collection, is not less considerable.

**LITERATURE.** The following works are announced as in the press, or preparing for publication:—Specimens (selected and translated) of the Lyric Poetry of the Minessingers, of the reign of Frederick Barbarossa, and the succeeding Emperors of the Suabian Dynasty; illustrated by similar specimens of the Troubadours, and other contemporary Lyric Schools of Europe.

Proceedings of the Agricultural Society of Sumatra, consisting of the first and second reports of the society; with an appendix containing the principal papers therein referred to.

Mr. Burridge intends to publish an Essay on Civil Architecture, which will embrace a new system, from the foundations to the roofs.

A botanical monthly work of a popular kind, entitled, The botanic Garden, or Magazine of Hardy Plants cultivated in Great Britain, by B. Maud.

## LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARGENS

### THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

WE have condensed an historical account of this family, from the Memoirs of the Count De Montholon. It will be seen that Napoleon was descended from a high-born and illustrious ancestry; and although this cannot add to his greatness, any more than the scurrilous falsehoods of that most scandalous of all libellers, Lewis Goldsmith, can detract from it, it is gratifying to know that the forefathers of the greatest man of all ages, were distinguished in their day.

The origin of the Bonapartes is Tuscan. In the middle ages they were senators of the republics of Florence, San Minato, Bologna, Sarzana, and Treviso. Several of them were also prelates of the Romish court. When learning revived in Italy, they were distinguished for their attachment to literary pursuits. "*The widow*," one of the first regular comedies of that age, was published by Guiseppe Bonaparte, and copies of it are preserved in the libraries of Italy and Paris. Jacopo Bonaparte, who was an ocular witness of the sacking of Rome by the constable de Bourbon, wrote a history of that event, which was published at Cologne in 1756. In 1797, literary men remarked the following circumstance, that since the time of Charlemagne, Rome had been twice conquered by foreign armies, at the head of one of which, was the constable de Bourbon, and at the head of the other, one of the remote descendants of the family of Jacopo Bonaparte, his historian. This history contains a genealogy of the Bonapartes, carried back to a very remote period, and represented as one of the most illustrious houses of Tuscany.

Zopf, in his "*Precis de l'Histoire Universelle*," says that a branch of the Comnena family, which had claims to the throne of Constantinople, retired into Corsica in 1462, and that several members of that family bore the name of *Calomeros*, which is precisely identical with Bonaparte,

καλον μερος

bona parte,

the name, of course, has been Italianized.



The Bonapartes were allied to the Orsini, the Medici, and the Lomellini families, from the last of these they adopted the Christian name of Napoleon, which has been the theme of much discussion. According to some its derivation is from the Latin; others derive it from the Greek, and render its signification "*Lion of the Desert*."

Napoleon's great-grandfather had three sons, Joseph, Napoleon, and Lucien. Joseph left one son, whose name was Charles. He was educated at Rome and Pisa, and early married Letitia Ramolino, a descendant of the Neapolitan Colalto family. By her he had five sons, Napoleon, Joseph, Lucien, Louis and Jerome, and three daughters. Napoleon was born August 15th, (the feast of the Assumption) 1769. When the war of 1768 commenced, Charles Bonaparte (then twenty years old) was a warm supporter of the independence of Corsica. After this patriotic struggle, the French government appointed provincial states in Corsica. In 1799, Charles was appointed by the States, deputy for the nobles to Paris. He took with him Napoleon, whom he placed at the military school of Brienne.

At this school Napoleon remained six years, at the end of which, he was one of the three promoted to the military school at Paris, by Field Marshal the Chevalier Kergarion. At the age of 16, in the year 1785, he was examined by Laplace, and brevetted second lieutenant of artillery. In 1791, he received the appointment of captain of artillery. His first military achievement was an attack on the north of Sardinia. The expedition was unsuccessful; but he returned with his troops in safety to Bonifacio, gaining the love of his soldiers and a local reputation.

The patriot Paoli was a warm friend of Napoleon, and often said of him, "he is a man for a Plutarch's biography." When this gallant and high-souled veteran raised the banner of revolution, he vainly endeavoured to persuade Napoleon to join him. The revolt spread violently, the island was in confusion, and the Bonaparte family retired first to Nice, and subsequently to Provence. Their property was destroyed, their house pillaged, and used as barracks for an English garrison. When Napoleon arrived at Nice, General Dugear, commander of the army

of Italy, required his services. Soon after Toulon surrendered to the English, and Napoleon promoted to the rank of *chef de bataillon*, (lieut. col.) was ordered to join the army besieging this city, which he did on the 12th Sep. 1793. At this siege Napoleon laid the foundation of his fame. Dugommier the General in chief, solicited the rank of Brigadier for him, expressing himself to the committee of public safety in these words: "Reward this young man and promote him, for, should he be ungratefully treated, he would promote himself." After the taking of Toulon, Napoleon passed the first two months of 1794, in fortifying the coasts of the Mediterranean; in March, he reached Nice, and took the chief command of artillery. From this date to his last fatal field of Waterloo, the events of his glorious life are fresh in the memory of mankind.

B.

#### THE FRENCH GENERALS.

ONE of the most striking traits in the mind of Napoleon was his wonderful tact in conceiving the characters of men. There is no parallel in history to the extensive development of genius which distinguished his career. He was followed in his march of honour by a splendid race of men, whose brilliant talents rivalled those of the Scipios and Cæsars of old, and were only surpassed by the intense lustre of his own. They were men fit to govern empires; his was a spirit formed to control a world. We shall quote his own portraiture of some of these men, in the present number, and we may perhaps continue the subject in future.

*Saint-Hilaire*, Adj. Gen.—A brave and excellent officer, who gained the highest renown in a hundred battles, and died, a general of division, on the field of Essling.

*Carnot*.—He was industrious, sincere in all his dealings, guiltless of intrigue, and easy to deceive. He proved himself possessed of moral courage. When the convention placed all the members of the committee of public safety under arrest, except him, he wished to share their fate. This conduct was the more noble, because public opinion was violently hostile to the committee.

*Lannes*.—He was first noticed by Napoleon at the battle of Dego. He afterwards

became marshal of the empire, and Duke of Montebello; he evinced the greatest talents, and acted a most conspicuous part in all events. At the battle of Arcole, when the French army was at a stand, Napoleon seized a flag, rushed on the bridge, and there planted it—the French column was repulsed, the grenadiers retreated, seizing their general by his arms and clothes: he was precipitated into a morass, in which he sunk up to the middle, surrounded by the enemy. A cry was heard, “Forward, soldiers, to save your General!” Lannes, who was still suffering from wounds received in a former battle, threw himself between the enemy and Napoleon, covering him with his body, and received three wounds, determined never to abandon him.

*Stengel*.—A native of Alsace; an excellent hussar officer: adroit, intelligent, and active, combining the qualities of youth with those of maturity; he was the true general for advanced posts.

*Laharpe*.—He was a Swiss, of the canton of Vaud; an officer of distinguished bravery, a grenadier both in stature and courage; he commanded his troops skilfully, and was much beloved by them, though of an unquiet temper.

*Berthier*, Prince of Neufchatel and Wagram.—In his youth he served in the American war, in the staff of Count Rochambeau. His activity was extraordinary, but he was of an irresolute character, unfit for a principal command.

*Massena*, Duke of Rivoli and Prince of Essling.—He was born at Nice. He was of a hardy constitution, and an indefatigable character: night and day on horseback amongst rocks and mountains. He was resolute, brave, intrepid, full of ambition and pride; his distinguishing characteristic was obstinacy; he was never discouraged. He neglected discipline, and took little care of the affairs of the army, for which reason he was not much beloved by the soldiers. He used to make very indifferent dispositions for an attack. His conversation was uninteresting; but on the report of the first cannon, amongst balls and dangers, his ideas gained strength and clearness.

*Augereau*, Duke of Castiglione.—He was of a narrow intellect, and little education; but he maintained order and discipline among his soldiers, and was beloved by

them. His attacks were regular, and made in an orderly manner; he fought with intrepidity, and divided his columns judiciously; but all this lasted but a day; victor or vanquished, he was generally disheartened in the evening, whether it arose from the peculiarity of his temper, or from the deficiency of his mind in foresight and penetration.

*Serrurier*.—He was very severe in point of discipline, and passed for an aristocrat. He was a brave man, of great personal intrepidity, but not fortunate; he was a man of strict integrity, moral character, and sound political opinion.

*Bessieres*, Duke of Istria, was a man of cool bravery, calm amidst the enemy's fire, full of vigour, but prudent and circumspect; he was one of the first cavalry officers in the army.

*Murat (Le beau sabreur)*.—The most accomplished cavalry officer of the army. He was an excellent vanguard officer, adventurous and impetuous.

—  
*Tales for Mothers. Translated from the French of J. N. Bouilly. London. New-York reprinted. Bliss & White. 1824.*

THIS work consists of a series of tales addressed to the practical good sense of the reader, and conveying many salutary lessons to mothers with regard to the education of children. They are not of an exciting nature; they do not call for the exertion of strong passions and emotions; they do not rouse an intensity of interest—but they are simple, entertaining, and instructive.

The first tale is entitled “Partiality,” and paints in a very natural manner the baneful effects of a vice which insinuates itself into a great majority of domestic circles. In the management of children, nothing is of more imperative importance than the careful exclusion of blind and illiberal partiality. It ruins its object, renders youth self-willed, conceited, and impudent, and lays the foundation of future scorn, meanness, and disgrace. A spoiled child is one of the most disgusting spectacles in the world. As his career begins in self-indulgence, so it surely terminates in disgrace, unless he be blessed with that strong and rare judgment which will scrutinize in manhood the vices of



youth, and render him a self-reformer. Unfortunately, this sort of sterling judgment is a "rara avis in terris." To an observer of human character, nothing is more palpable than the mischief, the discord, and the hatred which sometimes rend families asunder, arising in repeated instances from this positive vice. "Beware of partiality," should be inscribed upon the wall of every family mansion.

Partiality leads to officious cares and undignified condescensions. Children should be taught to consider the attention of parents as favours conferred, not as duties fulfilled. They should not have every wish anticipated, every whim indulged, and every claim allowed. They should be occasionally taught to endure privations, to give up caprices, and to sacrifice expectations; otherwise they are wretchedly prepared for the rebuffs and disappointments which crowd around them in the active scenes of life. Most lamentable is the situation of the man who steps into the highway of life without having learned in his childhood this important lesson. Unaccustomed to opposition, wilful in his feelings, and imperious in his disposition, he is constantly beset by trials and mortifications. The story of M. Bouilly entitled "Lost Authority," is a happy illustration of the evils which await both parent and child, in consequence of the former's forgetting the dignity of the parental character, and necessarily eradicating from the mind of the latter the deference of the filial.

Austerity is the opposite extreme, and quite as pernicious in its influence. The indulged child becomes a despot, the oppressed, a slave. The parent who rules with a rod of iron, whose severity demands perfection from unsteady and volatile childhood, who forgives no error and pardons no folly, makes his child a coward, a dunce and a hypocrite. The advice which Phaeton received from his father when he surrendered him the reins of his fiery steeds, and sent him forth on his aerial journey, is equally appropriate to fathers who hold the reins of the mind, "*medio tutissimus ibis.*"

The best tale of the series is on the subject of "exaggerated pretensions." It shows the ridicule and contempt so freely bestowed on upstart vanity, and so richly merited by narrow ambition. If we remember aright, *Æsop* conveys a fine lesson on this subject

in one of his fables, where the aspiring mouse pays his addresses to the lioness. Unequal marriages are a curse, far more deadly than any other calamities of life. Low-born wealth and high-born poverty must ever jar, and their union must be attended by suspicion, hatred, and reproach.—But we must conclude these general observations by recommending this little work to all mothers who wish to bring up their children in such a manner that they may not blush for them in after life.

B.

### THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"  
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:  
"We come," THE GRACES three: to teach the spell,  
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."  
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:  
"Let *Wit*, and *Wisdom*, with her sovereign *Beauty*  
dwell."

### COLOURS FOR FEMALE DRESS.

THERE is nothing which contributes more to the appearance of an elegant female, than the taste displayed in the choice of the colours, and in the arrangement of her dress. The reason is obvious: with taste in dress, we always associate the pleasing idea of a cultivated mind. Indeed, where the mind is uncultivated, the taste is, necessarily, defective, because external objects possess no real beauty in themselves; if they did, they would appear equally beautiful to all: instead of which, we find the vulgar, in general, better pleased with the most gaudy contrasts than with the most beautiful arrangements of the skilful colourist.

In the composition of colours for dress, there ought to be one predominating colour to which the rest should be subordinate. To the predominating colour the subordinate ones should bear a relation, similar to that between the fundamental or key note, and the series of sounds constituting a musical composition. And as, in a piece of music, there is a relation between the successive sounds or notes, so in dress the subordinate colours should be in harmony with each other. The power of perceiving this relation of colours constitutes the faculty called taste in colouring.

The choice of the predominating colour will be indicated by the situation, the age, the form, and the complexion of the wearer. And the colours adapted to a fair complexion would ill accord with that of the pretty brunette. As painters—

"Permit not two conspicuous lights to shine  
With rival radiance in the same design:"

so in dress, one half of the body should never be distinguished by one colour, and the

other by another. Whatever divides the attention, diminishes the beauty of the object; and though each part, taken separately, might appear beautiful, yet, as a whole, the effect would be destroyed.

Few colours will look absolutely ill on a fair complexion, provided the cheeks be tinged with the rosy hue of health. There are, however, some which detract from its natural sweetness: green and brown are of the latter class, while light blue, gray, and lilac are of the former. A small quantity of either of these colours will be found to add to the fairest face a charm inexpressible.

The brunette must regulate her dress by the contrary rule. She may roam at large through all the varieties of red, brown, yellow, green, and olive, provided they be kept of a dark, or of a negative hue: no light colours, and few positive ones, can be admitted with impunity. The sallow complexion will find advantage from a head-dress, handkerchief, riband, or border of yellowish green or olive; and the pallid hue of sickness, in a fair complexion, will be considerably relieved by a riband of the most tender and delicate blue. Scarlet and pea-green are completely inadmissible; or if the latter may at any time be adopted, it must be in the smallest quantity.

Could a school or institution be established for the study of true taste in the *forms* as well as *colours*, proper to female attire, something like data might be established for the few, who would be found willing to give up heterogeneous variety for elementary principles. Whatever might be the result with regard to the many, the enlightened few must approve of any suggestions which tend to improve the taste, and adorn the natural beauty of the sex. The proper adaptation of colours to complexions, is one that it is much more easy to propose than to answer with practical success. It would appear, however, that the most clear and brilliant complexions will admit of, and agree with, the most clear and primitive colours in dress and ornament, but not of too deep a tincture. The primitive colours being red, yellow, and blue, any two of those colours, equally mixed, becomes the direct opposite to the remaining one. The three principal compounds being orange, green, and purple; when any one of these three secondary colours is compounded with one of the primitive, the purity of both is lowered, or (as the artist terms it) neutralized, because it is a compound of the three primitives. Orange is the compound which is opposite to blue; green opposes red; and purple is the greatest contrast to yellow. Either of the three primitive colours, as well as the three compounds, blends harmoniously with white. These elementary truths may form the ground-work of further reflection.

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 15. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the *MITTERNA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*A Winter's Tale.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Customs and Manners in Brittany.*

THE DRAMA.—*New-York Theatres.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Bishop, the Composer.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchill's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Notices of Works of Eminent Authors.*

THE GRACES.—*Advice to Young Ladies Visit to a Beauty. Madame la Maupin.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Credulity.*

POETRY.—Original and other pieces.

We owe to our city readers to state, that the Carrier's Address for the New-Year, which was left on the first of this month, was substituted, by mistake, for one which had been prepared more suitable to the character of our paper.

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

## THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

The "Conversations of Lord Byron," by Capt. Medwin, reprinted here from a London copy, have been proved by Mr. Murray, his lordship's publisher, and others, whose names are mentioned in the work, to be a tissue of misrepresentations. It is also spoken of in the London journals as entitled to no credit. Mr. Campbell says, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, that he had obtained a sight of Lord Byron's letters to his mother, which were suppressed by the Chancellor; that nothing could be supposed more innocent or valuable, and that they "appeared the reflections of as generous a mind as ever committed its expression to paper."

The London Morning Chronicle of the 8th November last, states, that "on the first publication of *Tales of my Landlord*," a popular bookseller wrote to Sir Walter Scott, accusing either him or the *Devil* of being the author of them. The worthy Baronet, at that time plain Walter Scott, said, in reply, "To prove to you that I am *not* the author, I will review them in the Quarterly." And accordingly, a very masterly article, in which the whole machinery of these stories is developed, written by Scott, (*avowedly*) appeared in the sixteenth volume of that work."

### MARRIED,

Mr. John Leslie to Miss M. Cunningham.  
Mr. John Davis to Miss S. B. Reynolds.  
Mr. S. H. Mills to Miss M. Cruger.  
Mr. D. Normand to Miss A. E. Wharton.

### DIED,

Stephen P. Lemone, aged 31 years.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

## STANZAS.

By Francis Topic, Esq.

"I would I were a careless child."—Byron.

I wish I were a thoughtless child,  
Still straying on the highland hills;  
Or roaming through the woodland wild,  
Or fishing in the mountain rills.  
When not a thought from morn to night,  
Would e'er disturb my infant mind,  
When every hour brought new delight,  
And every one I met was kind.

Would that those days again were mine,  
With all their little troubles too,  
How gladly would I wealth resign,  
And phantom fame, which I pursue;  
Which I pursue with so much zeal,  
By morning sun, by midnight oil;  
Yet every moment keenly feel  
How unavailing is my toil.

I should have been—but that is past,  
And all my dreams of bliss are o'er,  
The hopes I had all faded fast,  
And now—are fled for evermore!  
Would that remembrance of those days,  
Could pass away as hath their bliss;  
But O! in vain, I try all ways  
To lull me to forgetfulness.

But she is wed, and happy now,  
At least, so speak her laughing eyes;  
And on her white and well form'd brow,  
Still plays the wit I once did prize.  
Her husband, O, I should have been  
To her that name—yet why complain?  
I dare not think on what I've seen,  
It would to madness turn my brain.

Why was I born to this dull life?  
Why had I not a noble name?  
Or why, in glory's red-stain'd strife,  
Was I not forced to fight for fame?  
I feel the fires burn in my soul,  
Which chide me for my humble doom;  
I feel them—as they'd burst control,  
And overstep both death and tomb.

But hush, my lyre! this wild wing'd flight  
Is far beyond thy poor essay:  
I feel approaching mem'ry's night,  
Beyond—I see no second day.  
For in my life, I've nothing done,  
Which gives a hope that I shall be  
Remember'd by a single one,  
When death doth set my spirit free.

But I submit, nor curse my lot,  
However humble, God hath given:  
My name, though on this earth forgot,  
My soul, I trust, will mount to heaven;  
To heaven, bourne of blessedness!  
God, how unsearchable thy ways!  
To speak of thee, voice is powerless,  
"Expressive silence muse his praise."

For the Minerva.

## CIRCULAR FOR AN ALBUM.

By the same.

As if for fame's neglect to atone,  
Some carve their name on rock, or tree;  
So vainly, here, I write mine own,  
And pray thou wilt remember me.

For the Minerva.

## THE BRAVE.

Where have the valiant sunk to rest,  
When their sands of life were numbered?  
On the downy couch? on the gentle breast  
Where their youthful visions slumbered?

When the mighty passed the gate of death,  
Did love stand by bewailing?  
No—but upon war's fiery breath  
Their blood-dyed flag was sailing.

Not on the silent feverish bed,  
With weeping friends around them,  
Were the parting prayers of the valiant said,  
When death's dark angel found them.

But in the stern and stormy strife,  
In the flush of lofty feeling,  
They yielded to honour the boon of life,  
Whilst battle's bolts were pealing.

When the hot war-steed with crimsoned main,  
Trampled on breasts all stained and gory,  
Dashed his red hoof on the reeking plain,  
And shared in the rider's glory.

Or seek the brave in their ocean grave,  
'Neath the dark and restless water,  
Seek them beneath the whelming wave,  
So oft deep-dyed with slaughter.

There lie the gallant and the proud,  
The eagle-eyed and the lion-hearted,  
For whom the triumph of fame rung loud,  
When body and soul were parted.

Or seek them on fields where the grass grows deep,  
Where the vulture and raven hover,  
There the sons of battle in quiet sleep,  
And widowed love goes there to weep,  
That their brief and bright career is over.

J. G. B.

For the Minerva.

The following Dirge of the Year is from the pen of Shelley. It is full of poetry.

Orphan hours, the year is dead,  
Come and sigh, come and weep!  
Merry hours, smile instead,  
For the year is still asleep.  
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,  
Mocking your untimely weeping,

As an earthquake rocks a corse,  
In its coffin in the clay,  
So White Winter, that rough nurse,  
Rocks the death-cold year to-day;  
Solemn hours! wail aloud  
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways  
The tree-swung cradle of a child,  
So the breath of these rude days  
Rocks the year ;—be calm and mild,  
Trembling hours, she will arise  
With new love within her eyes

January gray is here,  
Like a sexton by her grave ;  
February bears the bier ;  
March with grief doth howl and rave ;  
And April weeps—but, O, ye hours,  
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

### THE GREEK WOMEN.

From the home which the heart's sweet affections en-  
twine,

Like the close-wreathing boughs of its own leafy vine,  
To death's gory field their fair country to save,  
Rush the mothers, the sisters, and brides of the brave !

They have thrown by the roses that circled their hair,  
More fitting the casque and the plume should be there ;  
O'er the neck like the marble and beautiful brow,  
No locks in dark contrast float gracefully now.

But wild and dishevelled their long tresses fly  
On the breath of the storm, as the battle sweeps by ;  
Like seraph of wrath, amid carnage and woe,  
They point the red lightnings of war on the foe.

And there may be seen how the softest of eyes  
Flash fierceness in guarding all nature's best ties ;  
And the delicate form is as reckless of fear  
As the lioness breaking the hunter's red spear.

One strikes at the heart of the tyrant that blow,  
Which avenges her pale father bleeding below ;  
And another, in wild triumph, dashes the pride  
Of him who had made her a desolate bride.

There, too, is the maid of light foot in the dance,  
And brightly love sparkled within her fond glance,  
For one who was dearest—whose eye shall be dim  
When the virgins of Greece join in victory's hymn.

She had seen him while stemming the battle's fierce tide  
Whose death was his dowry, and glory his bride  
Like an angel of doom, she came vengeful and fleet,  
And the tyrant is stretched in his blood at her feet.

She conquer'd—but weave not the wreath for her brow  
Of the green oak, or myrtle with blossoms of snow ;  
The garland of glory—the crown of the brave  
Would mock the pale mourner that droops o'er the  
grave.

She feels not the pleasure which conquest endears,  
The light of her triumph is darken'd with tears ;  
But Greece she'll love on to life's sorrowful close,  
For the urn where the ashes of virtue repose.

### WOMAN.

When heaven's high head first formed the fair,  
He made her worthy of his care.  
When angels, doating, from above  
Were weaned from God by woman's love—  
And on their doom for woman smiled—  
Surely she was affection's child !  
How is she changed ? Be it expressed  
By him whose passions have carest  
The fleeting vision to his breast !  
O Wonder ! raptured count me o'er  
Thy fearful, never-failing store—

Be all invisible revealed—  
And miracles by "flood and field"—  
Oh tell them all—and interweave  
Impossibles—still I'll believe !  
But never more my fancy move  
By sounding words of woman's love !

### PHRENOLOGY.

To seek out heads of every shape,  
Bacon and Shakspeare, ass and ape,  
Phrenologists take pains :  
And in this search they're surely right,  
For ne'er was system brought to light,  
So much in want of Brains.

### ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

#### Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Blush.

PUZZLE II.—Bull.

PUZZLE III.—The Vowels.

#### NEW PUZZLES.

##### I.

We are a score, nay something more,  
Within a cave reside ;  
Though we but seldom disagree,  
We very oft divide.

If we fall out, it is a doubt  
If e'er we meet again.  
Both beau and belle our worth can tell,  
Though oft we cause them pain.

In white array, the ladies gay,  
And sprightly, often shew us.  
From what is said, we are afraid,  
You will too quickly know us.

##### II.

I am a bitter, but a wholesome good,  
Were but my virtues better understood ;  
For many things, impossible to thought,  
Have been by me to full perfection brought.  
The daring of the soul proceeds from me,  
With prudence, diligence, activity ;  
Sharpness of wit, and fortitude I give,  
And teach the patient man to better live.  
When men once strange to me, my virtues prové,  
Themselves I make them know, and him above.  
The flatterer from the friend I teach to know ;  
In me a fair possession lies, but (O !  
The childishness of men) all me refuse,  
Because I'm plain ; and gaudy trifles choose.  
I'm made the scorn of ev'ry foppish fool,  
Insulted, hated, turn'd to ridicule.

#### EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,  
And published every Saturday  
BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,  
128 Broadway, New-York,

Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No  
subscription can be received for less than a year,  
and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to  
the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.